

**Issue IV, Fall 2015****Yellow Warbler's Songbook**

(A poem by Elaine McDermott)

Winter descends.  
Once more  
I yearn for spring  
when the Yellow Warbler  
wakes me before sunrise.  
He offers a psalm of praise  
for the morning dewfall.  
From the highest branches  
of the willow, his sweet songs  
resonate through the marshes.

Winter descends.  
Silence shrouds the willows,  
woods stand dry as dust,  
the ground turns brown.  
Only dreams of spring bring me  
through cold winter nights,  
cradled beneath the covers  
of the Yellow Warbler's songbook.

**The Garden--An Ordinary Wednesday**

Sunlight spills over the garden  
as the couple delights in traces  
of dew beneath their feet.  
Eve admires opening buds  
of lavender bellflower.  
They walk past purple crocus  
and yellow iris, stop to listen  
to the waterfall's rippling stream  
tumble over boulders.  
He smiles at Eve's  
cries of joy--the first orchid.

They come to a silver-blue lake  
filled with flamingos and swans,  
bathe in the cool water,  
dry in the sunlight. Wrens  
surround them with song.

Hungry after the morning swim,  
they gather pears and papayas,  
wild berries, and pine nuts.  
They approach the tree centered  
in the garden; Eve turns to Adam and asks  
for the hundredth time, "What do you think  
the beautiful red fruit tastes like?"  
Adam tries to steer her away, but too late.  
She is talking to the snake.

### **Reaching for the Moon**

We stand  
on the water's edge,  
watch the sun  
slip into the Sound,  
the day turn into twilight,  
twilight into night.

A feeling of sadness  
and foreboding  
washes over me as the sun  
surrenders to the moon's  
silver splendor.

Together in silence,  
alone in our thoughts,  
we walk. Our steps  
move in sync,

arms free swaying  
to the rhythm of the waves.

Our hands almost touch,  
but I quickly step aside  
wary of the whimsical tide  
reaching for the moon,  
pulling me along  
for the ride.

---By Elaine Mc Dermot